



Mistaken

**death**

558 59 47

Chapter 1 by N8

I've come for blood, and only blood. I've been called many names. Death. Spite. Depression. I'm evil, I suppose. That's what everyone calls me, at least. I keep peace through death, for if I neglected my job, even for a little, i'd have to wipe out humanity. I've come close before. Almost missing dead lines. Some people surviving through treacherous accidents, in which I should've taken their life. My most famous mistake would have to be Grigori Rasputin. That bastard should've died the first time, but even I need a break every now and then.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I flick the cigarette. I don't need to worry about cancer because of my tremendous lack of lungs. The entire scene of Death smoking a cigarette sounds like something a human would paint on the side of an RV.

With the coffin nail hanging loosely from my mouth, I scrape the pancaked soul off of the side of the road. The fellow seemed to have been bucked from his motorcycle. An awful way to go, but quick, at the least. He's still asleep as I haul him to my chest and lift him upwards.

Halfway across the world in Russia, my left arm goes to work scooping up the unlucky souls on the wrong end of the civil war.

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In China, my foot can hold

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in time.

I don't want to say what I use for Lebanon.

And my foot cradles a child to sleep in Egypt.

Chapter 3 by Ember Wolf



There are some humans that can hear me, smell me, and see me approach, but over the centuries humans had seem to lost the touch, more and more I can see in there dear-like eyes an emptiness that was not there before. Those eyes use to reflect my appearance, my essence, now, I'm nothing. The mortals can only sense me coming now, and blindly beg for mercy.

“¡Por favor No!” “Forgive me!” “aie pitié de moi!” “mi ha raccolto! ma non lei!”

Each time, I can hear their cries, I feel their desperation to stay in this physical world, but every-time I place their souls inside my black cloak. Everywhere I go and every step I take, the rotten scent of death follows, nevertheless I must continue following the list that my hands carry, each day there more names, and each day there's more cries.

I had been in many places, many rooms from different houses. Some homes are so tiny that humans can barely live in it; other homes, the human look so puny in comparison with their huge rooms with unnecessary items. On a particular run, the list spelled the name Elisabeth Miller. This human was young, lying down in her small bed, as I approach, she looked at me, and smile. As I came closer, I saw my reflection, Amaze by her bravery, I ask in hopes that she could also hear me “Child of Adam and Eve, why are you grinning at death?”

Chapter 4 by Charles RadWhale



"I do not believe in Adam, nor Eve" she laughed a wicked grin spreading across her face. "I only believe in the facts I cannot hide from. You happen to be one of them"

"Do you not fear me?" I tilt my head. Many humans have claimed to be unafraid of me, but few were. In the end they all beg for another chance.

"Does one fear gravity? Why fear the facts?" She shrugs reaching for a glass of water at her bed side. Her face is wan and pale. Perhaps once called beautiful but now, her face reminds me of my own.

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"I am sorry" I say meaning it. Though I must claim all lives, I do not like to.

"Don't be" She says waving a weak hand. "It's only you job after all." She pauses looking at me, her eyes knowing in ways that they should not be. "You must be terribly lonely"

"of course" I sighed and reached for her soul with my hand. She laughed one final time before the life faded from her. Her stiff body seemed to be mocking me as I left, her smiling dead eyes tilted upward as if finding one final joke.

Chapter 5 by The Author



The irony of the human life they seek happiness,wealth and knowledge and waste the only thing of value "Time" I sighed.

Once before another strange human had talked about loneliness it reminded me that I had the ability to lend time to humans.This was a gift that God had given me another one of his great ironies, the only thing that can extend life is death.

Once i had given a pregnant woman an extra hour of life, I had surprised myself by this but as i approached her room in the hospital i saw her husband sitting outside despair and hopelessness in his eyes, I passed him and entered the room, inside i saw the woman i was meant to take her face contorted with the pain of childbirth I just couldn't take her life yet.I chased away her fever and as she recovered she gave birth and saw her baby,the joy in her eyes made me feel different,warm and I couldn't explain it she smiled at her husband then looked straight at me and said,"Thank you,i'm ready now"Surprised i replied,"You're not afraid?" she just looked at me with kind eyes something that i had never seen a human do and said the words,"I wish you weren't so lonely" as i harvested her soul she too had died with a smile,except that hers was one of genuine kindness and pity.

Humans were strange creatures they had the potential to do the most evil and despicable acts like that bastard Rasputin who caused mass genocide which was partly due to myself but humans also have the ability to display great and unconditional love or hope and even kindness like the woman that i had made an exception for,These two women represented every human that is faced with death both accept their deaths the only difference is how.

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As we pass into the darker parts of the world i thought of one word that described the human soul "Regret"

Chapter 6 by banana



And I wonder, do I know what regret is?

Yes, I've found myself in pity every once in a while, but the duty I have found myself in is stronger.

I don't remember much than this I have as a path. Was there something else? Something before there were souls? I've seen people study the origins of themselves. Where they come from. They even study the paths they will lead. Where they will go. In every corner of the world I pass I see them, study, learn, trying to understand. And all of them will pass through me.

Some may call it After Life, some Nirvana, some Karma, whatever. There are plenty of words, but all of them result into one. Death. I am the inevitable outcome of their being.

Sometimes it makes me wonder, how some can be so curious, so eager to know, about a thing they have no need for. For an event that does not contribute their existence, only lessens, vanishes.

I hear them cry for me in their dark rooms. I see the bloody arms as I aproach them, how they cry for their oblivion, for a glimpse of something, that makes it more endurable, for death makes them endure life. And I've seen the smallest beings, little children, just born a second, how their first memories form, and how they cling to it, gasping for air, but I know they have no time for being here. Those little beings, not knowing what life is, but still - still holding onto it, with all their forces, but losing that battle with me.

For some I am peace, for others I am terror. But one feeling I know better, how some of them even try to hide it from me, little do they know I am the one who sees everything, is regret.

How they regret not telling their beloved ones how much they love them, how they regret not pushing further, how they regret not knowing the truth, how they regret their little mistakes and their smallest unfinished businesses.

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I meet so many people, so many, many yet I

But even though I've seen regret, I also see why they regret.

I see wonder, I see joy, I see beauty, I see contentment, happiness.

The human soul is like a flickering light to me. Delicate and soft, and with all those thing of wonder, joy and beauty it flickers strong. But as I see, it needs the moments of torment, of loss, of sadness, to burn bright again. Until I come.

Sometimes I wonder myself. And with that, I sometimes think - maybe it has a reason. Maybe I, Death, could have a soul. The loneliest soul of all, and because of that, I am Death.

Chapter 7 by jason dads



Existentialism is possibly the most onerous imposition of life. The need to ask why, to find some explanation. Nevertheless, despite the perfections granted me, I remain a living man and so must suffer under the cacophony of questions in my brain.

All life exists in discord. War and strife affect all known societies and all species spend their existences competing with others for limited resources. From the cries of an infant for the maternal teat to the wretched stench of the aged dying in their own filth, life is a series of squabbles and ugly messes.

There is an alternative. There exists a state in which all conflict is resolved and all is cold and silent. There are no wants, no wars, no squabbles. You may call this state death if you wish, but that is a misnomer. Death is but the ending of life, and that is only a means to an end. That end is purity, the time when all is still and unchanging.

There is only tranquility in death.

Chapter 8 by Charles RadWhale



Of course, perhaps that is not what someone living would say. Or anyone living even...

But as I reach for the soul of a small child, too small too pale too cold, I am reminded that as much as they claim to hate me the

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There's a story of some fool who climbed a tree from a tree. Now it is quite a ridiculous notion, as if anyone could climb the sky. But in fact it people do not die as

long as I remain tied up in that tree, however they still get injured. Humans are humans with or without me, and they still age and wither.

Sickness comes to those too young and those too old. Terrible pain is brought on the world and there is no end to it. Until I was to be freed of course. The hero, now aged and broken, frees me from my place but falls from the tree and dies.

The world is once again blessed with my wrath, and those who need me finally may rest. Perhaps that is what I am.

What I bring. The eternal rest, slumber etc.

Still...some I take...some I give this wretched blessing to...oh how life is cruel.

the end

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